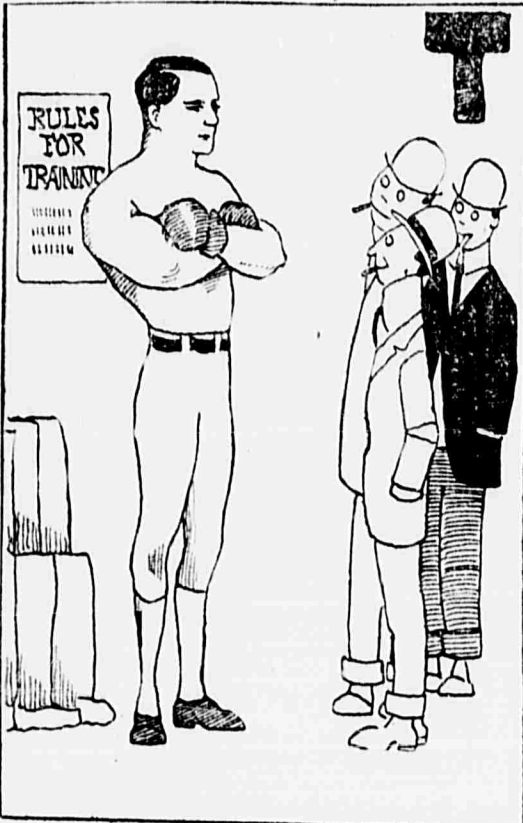


The Evening World.

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BOXING AND FIGHTING.



Boxing is not unlawful. To fight is. No matter who does the fighting, or whether with fists, clubs, brass knuckles or revolvers, to fight is a crime. Policemen are supposed to see that the law is kept and not violated. Therefore it is more heinous for a policeman to fight than for an ordinary citizen. And it is particularly grievous when plain clothes policemen assault an audience with blackjacks and brass knuckles.

when they fire off revolvers and conduct themselves like a riotous wild west show.

These remarks are called forth by the behavior of the police in breaking up boxing exhibitions. In itself boxing is an excellent exercise for the men who box, and, confined within bounds, it is a pleasing exhibition for the spectators. The difference between boxing and fighting the most limited intelligence can understand.

Some years ago boxing exhibitions were used as a pretext for prize fights and knockouts. To prevent this legal safeguards were provided, not with the intent to stop boxing, but for the purpose of preventing boxing being used as a cloak for prize fighting or betting.

Since then some boxing exhibitions have been allowed to be held in peace and profit, while other exhibitions the police tear to pieces like a Jerome gambling house raid.

If any boxing exhibition is held in violation of the law it should be simple enough to summon the men responsible to a police court, and if they are guilty to punish them. Nowhere does the law make the spectators guilty. Neither is there such a penalty known to the penal code as clubbing a man with a blackjack or knocking him down with brass knuckles.

It is a wonder that New York is not a more lawless community than it is, with the police setting such an example in lawlessness. It is a crime for a private citizen to carry brass knuckles. No policeman should be allowed to carry them either. This is one of the results of putting on the police force men of inferior physique because they can pass good book examinations instead of the old style husky policeman who would scorn to carry brass knuckles and who could handle any ordinary disturbance with the muscles and fists which nature gave him.

An illegal raid is worse than the offense it seeks to stop. Of all lawlessness the violation of law by officers of the law is the worst. A democratic form of government can survive gambling. It has so far survived boxing matches. If the police can, without a warrant, go into any hall and assault the audience; if they can go into any flat and smash the furniture; if they can batter down doors and destroy the property of individual citizens, then they cease to be upholders of the law, and their crime is worse than the offenses their lawless efforts are directed against.

Letters From the People

Small Feet.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I read an article recently about a search for young women wearing size 12A shoes. The failure to find many such women does not convict New York women of having large feet. On behalf of these women I would say that one could hardly expect to find children's feet on women, as size 12 is a child's size shoe. I think many normal sized women would look very queer with a foot that size. I know a couple of small women who wear shoes size 2 and who have very dainty little feet. I think you will only find rare occasions where women have children's size feet. What do other New York girls think about this? ROSE GRAY.

The Debt to Marconi.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Only those who can remember the terrible fate of wrecked vessels "over and over" can realize what an awful catastrophe was averted by the use of wireless on the Republic. When one realizes through what means this catastrophe was averted, only then can we begin to appreciate the gift with which God has endowed Mr. Marconi—such a gift as

Mrs. Jarr Is Going to Explore the Awesome Mystery Of the Future—at Only Thirty-five Cents a Throw

By Roy L. McCardell.

"O H, she tells lovely fortunes, and they say she gives good luck to everybody, and besides she only charges 35 cents."

As Mr. Jarr passed in the hall to hang up his hat and coat the words quoted came floating out from the parlor. He recognized the voice of Mrs. Rangle.

"Well," came the voice of Mrs. Jarr.

"I don't believe in such nonsense at all. Besides, I told that I wouldn't want to know the future, even if anybody could tell it to me. For if good fortune is coming I want it to come as a surprise, and if bad fortune is coming I don't want to know it. That's for the future. As for the past, I know that already. But where is this place? I'm just dying to go, and only 35 cents, too!"

"Of course, she'll charge you fifty cents if she thinks you'll pay it, and she charged Mrs. Stuyver a dollar for

that her regular price, but I just said to her, 'If my friends and I are coming here regularly, to get our fortunes told you must only charge thirty-five cents,' said Mrs. Rangle.

"Were the fortunes just as good as those she told for fifty cents and a dollar?" asked the voice of Mrs. Kittingly.

"No," said Mrs. Rangle, "they were not, but then you can always offer that by remembering she's just spiteful because you won't pay more than thirty-five cents."

"I tell my own fortune with the cards every day, not that I'm superstitious," said Mrs. Kittingly.

"Certainly not, none of us are!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"But it does make you blue if the cards come out wrong—if your fortune runs to spades!" said Mrs. Kittingly.

"Why, of course!" said Mrs. Rangle.

"It's enough to upset anybody!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, I will tell you what I do," said Mrs. Kittingly. "If the cards run badly for me, I just keep running them over till they DO come right, and they will if you keep at them long enough. This morning it took me over an hour to make them read that money was coming to me."

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"Of course, I don't believe in it at all, but we had a servant girl that used to tell fortunes beautifully with tea leaves. She couldn't make out very plain what they meant, but it was wonderful what she could see in the bottom of the cup, although I never could," said Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr, thinking to stand longer would place him in the position of an eavesdropper, coughed and went in.

"I suppose Mr. Jarr will laugh at us," said Mrs. Kittingly coquettishly, "but we have been talking about fortune tellers."

"But I don't believe in palmists," said Mrs. Rangle. "I don't believe in palmists one bit! They simply look in your hand and tell you that you have high ambitions and ideals, are truthful and sincere, that you are self-sacrificing and unselfish, and that you are honorable and a lot of stuff like that, but they won't tell you if you will marry again or if you are going to get any money."

"And those mediums have such grand places and get you to write your name on a pad and your wish, and then tell you what your name is and what you wish, for a dollar. They always want to advise you about how to invest your money and what broker to go to, and tell you that the stars say you must buy copper stock, and they get real mad if you don't do it, but does one want to

tell a stranger, even a peer and reader of the secrets of the innermost mind, that one's little income is only about \$750?" said Mrs. Kittingly.

"It's all a pack of nonsense," said Mr. Jarr, ponderously. "If any man or woman could foresee what is going to happen inside of a day or an hour they could make fortunes for themselves and not need to take painful fees from the superstitious."

"Oh, you haven't talked," said Mrs. Jarr, ponderously. "If any man or woman could foresee what is going to happen inside of a day or an hour they could make fortunes for themselves and not need to take painful fees from the superstitious."

"Maybe, she'll tell for the price of us for a quarter each," said Mrs. Rangle.

"But, mind, she'll be cross, and will tell us nothing but bad luck, but we'll know why and needn't believe her."

So it was decreed and agreed, but when the company departed Mrs. Jarr said she knew they'd each give a dollar secretly, and so would she. "I'm not superstitious," she added, "but I'm not going to have bad luck just to save seventy-five cents!"

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ?

By F. G. Long



Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 44—SIMON BOLIVAR.

THIS is the story of the man who tore South America free from Spanish tyranny; the man who used the United States as his model and inspiration in liberating his own country from the yoke.

Simon Bolivar was a Venezuelan, rich and of noble birth. In 1801, when he was only eighteen, he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl whom he met during his European travels. He married her and prepared to settle down to the easy life of a landed proprietor on his vast Venezuelan estates. But on the way thither his young wife was stricken with yellow fever and died. Bowed down with grief, Bolivar tried to forget his sorrows in further travel. In the course of his wanderings he visited the United States. Here he saw the wonders of liberty and was stirred with a longing to win freedom for the land of his birth.

Venezuela was growing restive under Spain's rule. Bolivar threw himself heart and soul into the revolutionary movement. In 1811 Venezuela issued a Declaration of Independence. A year of hard fighting followed. By 1812 the revolution was apparently stamped out and Bolivar was a fugitive.

But the young disciple of liberty was not discouraged. With a few hundred men he marched upon Caracas, drawing to him on route hundreds of patriots who had been ill-treated by Spain, and issuing a proclamation headed "Gloria a Muerte" (War to the Death). He defeated far larger Spanish armies that were sent to check him, and on Aug. 4, 1813, forced the Spanish garrison at Caracas to surrender. Caracas welcomed Bolivar with wild enthusiasm. Twelve girls drew him through the city in a triumphal chariot, and he was hailed as "Liberator" and "Dictator."

Within a few months all Eastern Venezuela was in his power. But the Spaniards rallied, attacking Bolivar in overwhelming force, drove him from Caracas, reconquered the newly-free territory and forced the Liberator to fly for his life to Jamaica. There an attempt was made to murder him. By a lucky chance the assassin killed another man instead, whom he mistook for Bolivar.

In May, 1818, Bolivar made a second expedition to Venezuela and once more was beaten. A few months later, however, he raised another little army and in a three-day battle routed the Spaniards. Victory now followed victory. Bogota and New Granada were soon his. At last Venezuela was free. He joined New Granada and Venezuela into one State under the title of the Republic of Colombia. The Spaniards still hotly contested every step of ground, but before long were almost wholly driven out of the new Republic. Bolivar was elected President of Colombia in 1819, and a fellow revolutionist, Santander, became Vice-President.

The Liberator had gained his life ambition. He was President of a free land. But he was not yet content. He wanted to clear the whole country of Spanish rule. With the aid of Gen. Sucre he attacked and beat Spain's forces in Ecuador and Peru. Upper Peru proclaimed itself a Republic, and in honor of Bolivar took the name of "Bolivia," giving the Liberator the title of "Perpetual Protector" of its government.

All this triumph meant an equal amount of trouble for Bolivar. He had made many enemies—both personal and political. There were always conspiring against him. Assassination plots were formed. The Liberator was accused of trying to form a South American empire with himself as its tyrannical ruler. He was charged with grafting and with all forms of dishonesty. As a matter of fact, he had tried hard to avoid taking the offices of Dictator and President; but these offices had been thrust back upon him whenever he sought to resign them. He had not only refused a \$100,000 appropriation offered him, but had spent nearly every dollar of his own huge fortune in the cause of liberty. He controlled the finances of three Republics, yet it was later proved he had never taken a penny from their treasuries for his personal use. He framed laws that were fair to rich and poor alike, and set an example of high honor and justice so right that few dared to follow it.

Sarcasms were Bolivar's constant companions when revolt and discontent broke out on every side. The man who had freed the land from Spain was bitterly attacked by seething politicians. He threw over his office of President a disgust. But the clamor of the plain people, who loved him, made him resume the Presidency. By popular vote he was confirmed as absolute Dictator. On Sept. 25, 1828, a band of murderers burst into his bedroom, and he escaped instant death by springing from the window. Santander and others of Bolivar's close friends were proved guilty of this assassination plot. Embittered, his faith in human nature wrecked, Bolivar henceforth ruled with a hand of iron. By force of will, instead of persuasion, he made his commands obeyed. In this spirit he set to work on a plan to weld all the South American republics into one mighty confederation. But before he could fully bring this to pass, the ingratitude and treachery of the people he had made free broke his great heart. He fell ill, while trying to calm an insurrection, and on Dec. 17, 1830, died.

Simon Bolivar was only forty-seven in the full prime of manhood—at the time of his death. In less than twenty years he had smashed Spain's power in South America, had turned a collection of crushed provinces into free republics, and had set a torch of liberty that could never be extinguished. In reward, the countries he had saved turned against him, the men he had befriended sought his life, and his pure patriotism was labelled as graft and treason.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending cent for each number to Circulation Department, Evening World.

News of the Aeroplane—1913

June 2. W. H. B. flying over E. H. Harriman's palace at Aiken to-day William E. Vanderbilt, Jr., a proprietor, called on his plane to see, so abruptly as to start him out. He landed just as one of the chimneys was wedged in so tight that the bricks had to be loosened before he could be freed. Mr. Vanderbilt declined to release him until he had surrendered control of the New York Central Railroad.

July 4. A COUPLE of the young Jaycocks, sons of a wealthy family, flying over Mexico, Morristown and Harpersville and dropping out of freckles, down the chimney of the hotel, Harpersville, thereabout. By some mistake a stick of dynamite was taken along and inadvertently tossed into the midst of William Nelson Cromwell's palace, which was speedily distributed over the landscape. Mr. Cromwell took the next in good part, and said it reminded him of some of his Panama calls at the White House in T. K.'s time.

July 11. E. R. THOMAS' high-flier "White Wings" executed a great coup to-day when it took the top of the historic water tower at High Bridge in one masterly swoop. Some inconvenience was experienced by J. Pierpont Morgan and other dwellers on Murray Hill because their supply of Croton was cut off. They all readily forgave the boy when it was explained that the incident was merely the result of a frolic and without criminal intent.

Aug. 1. A CLOUD no bigger than a man's hand caused considerable excitement in Yonkers this afternoon. It turned out to be Mr. James Gordon Bennett's celebrated flyer "Scorpion." Mr. Bennett had just dropped over from Paris with a party of friends and passed Yonkers en route for his old home on Washington Heights. Two Alderney cows and some bailed hay made up part of the entourage. Yonkers folks thought at first that it was the Roc, a celebrated bird mentioned in the Arabian Nights.

Sept. 1. THE War Department lifting tests for aeroplanes have been completely successful. One machine lifted 1,000 lbs. and another 2,000 lbs. from the ground on the second trial.

The Day's Good Stories

A Question of Color.

"H OW very interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Dearchild, glancing up over her spectacles from her evening paper.

"What?" tersely inquired her husband, who was extending his massive limbs upon the sofa after a hard day's work.

"Why, they say here," said Mrs. Dearchild, "that everybody's complexion depends upon the temperament of the individual. Now, I wonder what baby's color is?"

"Pink," I should say, for he's the very pink of perfection, the precious petting one," he, Albert.

"Well," replied Albert, "the precious petting may be the pink of perfection by day, when I'm out at the office; but judging from experience, I should say at nighttime he turns into a startling yellow!"—London Answer.

Just Like Mother.

THE boys of Rumpston village had formed a football club, and all they now needed was a ball.

"Well," said the captain, "I've got a ball, but it's a trifle troubled."

"Like this?" explained the captain, "one must all subvert, but them as 'as most must give most."

There being no sign of dissent—such as a kick on the shin or a smack on the back of the head—the captain continued:

"Now, there's Jimmy Simpkins. He tell me only the other day that every time 'e takes a dose of cod-liver oil 'is complexion turns a yellow in 'is money."

"No, I ain't!" bawled Jimmy. "Why, I've found out it's all a swish! When it gets ter 'alf a dollar she takes it out and buys an answer bottle!"